

# The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESSEY  
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## CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

I looked up speechless. Robinson Locke met my startled glance with cool contempt.

"That you saved my life?" repeated Helena, in wonder.

"Have I robbed my gallant countryman of your gratitude, Miss Brett?" he demanded carelessly.

"Then it was you who rushed down the stairway?" I stammered, my face hot with shame.

"Yes, sir," he said, sternly. "It was I. It is not a pleasant duty to expose the cowardice of an acquaintance, Miss Brett. I could have forgiven him his error. But that he should masquerade as a hero while I was vainly attempting to pursue the blackguard who tried to murder you—that is a little too much."

I confronted him, my hands clenched in my rage. But I did not speak. A defense was impossible. I stared at him in silence.

"I am afraid," he sneered, "that you are rather fond of wearing the lion's skin. I believe I had an appointment with you this morning at ten o'clock."

"With me?" I cried, hotly. "No!"

"Then you did not receive the note placed on your pillow last night? Ah, so you did receive it, after all, Sir Mortimer—I beg your pardon, Mr. Haddon."

I turned from him; I looked at Helena. Our eyes met. I did not say one word; I did not beseech even by a look. I had asked her to trust me, but I had not looked for a situation like this. Her eyes fell before mine and they had told me nothing.

"I shall leave you to your interview with Mr. Locke," she said quietly.

## CHAPTER XXI.

I Am Trusted Until Midnight.

"Now, Haddon, what is the game?" Locke had seated himself. He had selected with care a cigar from his case (which he did not offer to me), and was regarding me with the brutal amusement of one who has come across a snake sunning in the white road, and who heads off its desperate attempt to escape with a walking stick.

I was silent. I refused to be catechized like a schoolboy. Had I met Locke, his mind still unprejudiced against me, I should gladly have told him everything, even at the risk of making myself ridiculous in his eyes. But his mind was so evidently made up regarding me, his interference had been so fatally ill-timed, that I could not bring myself to the humiliating position of one who beseeches—of one who explains, only to be doubted after all.

The episode in the porter's lodge was even now far from clear. I have already said that I knew that Helena's escape was not due to any heroism of mine.

Dr. Starva had concealed himself behind the glass partition of the porter's lodge in the landing. Unobserved, I had stood fast against the wall, watching him.

I had seen Helena coming up the stairs; I had seen Dr. Starva level his revolver at her; I had heard the crash of glass and the report of a revolver. I had supposed that Starva had fired and missed.

Now it appeared that Locke's shot had shattered the glass of the lodge, while Starva had not fired at all. But why Locke should have been in the stairway—why he should have been concealed there—was not so clear. Certainly I had no intention of humiliating myself further by asking for an explanation.

"Come, I'm waiting," he cried sharply.

"You are waiting—for what?" I demanded with an assurance I did not feel. I was playing for time. Should I, or should I not, try to make all clear to Locke? That was the question I was asking myself over and over.

"You remember I warned you. I told you you were a pawn in the clever hands of Countess Sarahoff. I prefer to think that you are her tool rather than her accomplice. But if you have been fool enough to allow yourself to be caught in the net of her intrigue, if you have made your interests at one with hers, you must expect to play the piper as well as she."

"I see. You are Nemesis dogging me to justice?"

I had decided. No matter what happened I would keep my own counsel for the present. I was not to be bullied into a confession.

"So you admit that the law has its terrors for you," cried Locke quickly. "And are you Justice or the Law in disguise? By heaven, you are assuming a rather high-handed manner. What the devil is your right to play the part of inquisitor?"

"Gently, gently. I said nothing about my right."

"Then I might ask what is your game?"

"I make no pretense to any right. I happen to hold the cards. That's all."

"By that you mean, I suppose, that

you have put two and two together and made the sum of five. Well, perhaps I say your arithmetic is at fault, and perhaps I don't choose to enter into an argument to enlighten you."

"We shall see," said Locke quietly. "Now, Haddon, don't think that I am simply amusing myself. I am only too willing to give you every benefit of the doubt. You are an American; you have been at the same university as myself; you have suffered from an unpleasant notoriety the past week or two. I went to your hotel at Lucerne and offered you my friendship."

"And you come as a friend now? Scarcely, you will admit that."

"I offered you my friendship. I showed my sincerity by taking you more or less into my confidence. I gave you a chance to confide in me in return. I had seen you fascinated by a woman whom I knew to be a dangerous companion. When I warned you, you were clever enough to affect a disingenuous innocence."

"What shrewd observers your newspaper men are!"

"That very evening," continued Locke, frowning, "you dine with her and her accomplice—not openly in the restaurant, but in her own sitting room. Late that evening, in company

with her, you take the boat for Vitznau. You install yourself with her in the suite of Sir Mortimer Brett. You assume his character, more than that, you don his very cloak and hat. As Sir Mortimer, then, you have access to his rooms."

"Let me compliment you on the admirable manner in which you have played the spy. You traced me, then, from the hotel to the boat, and thence to the hotel?"

"Not at all. I preferred to keep an eye on the big fish in the puddle. It was Madame de Varnier, alias the Countess Sarahoff, whom I was watching. I knew that the moth would follow the flame. When I had followed myself that our beautiful adventures had retired to her room across the corridor from Sir Mortimer's suite, I had nothing to do but await the arrival of the poor little moth, ensconced in a comfortable chair with my cigarette. Allow me to return the compliment and congratulate you on your perfect success in masquerading as the sick Sir Mortimer. It was a delightful little bit of comedy."

Had Locke taken the boat in the company of Dr. Starva and myself, he would doubtless have observed the episode of the brandy, and drawn his conclusions. His attitude toward me would then have been very different. He would have seen for himself that the comedy I enacted was for the benefit of Dr. Starva. If I ignored Locke's suspicions of me even now, if I gave to him my confidence at this late date, would he believe that? Impossible!

I raged at the network of chance that enmeshed me, but I did not attempt to extricate myself. I had lain passive too long. I was trusting blindly to fortune. More than ever I carried my plans to a successful conclusion, the result would justify my actions; if I failed, I should at least have held to my purpose.

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"Having seen Dr. Starva and your self safely landed in Sir Mortimer's rooms," continued Locke, "I am free to join my acquaintance, Captain Forbes, in the garden, meanwhile keeping an inquisitive eye cocked toward the shutters of Sir Mortimer's salon. And Captain Forbes, as well as myself, has his own interests in the missing Sir Mortimer. Presently he sees the light shining through those shutters. He is overjoyed to observe that Sir Mortimer is returned, and more than overjoyed that he can at last rid himself of the burden of his dispatches. You know how he did that, even better than myself."

"And you are waiting for me to enlighten you?"

"All in good time, my dear Mr. Haddon. But I have not yet shown you all my hand. Were I to call your game now, you might think I had a couple of aces at the most. I am going to show you that I have a royal flush."

"It is hard to beat a royal flush, I admit," I said lightly.

"I await developments, then, in the garden. My vigilance is soon rewarded. Shutters are thrown stealthily back; my classmate Haddon tiptoes onto the balcony; he listens outside the shutters of the salon."

"And does it not seem to you strange that the partner of Madame de Varnier's intrigues should distrust her to the extent of spying on her movements?"

Locke pulled at his cigar thoughtfully. I awaited his answer not without interest.

"It did indeed raise the faint hope in my breast," he returned cynically, "that my friend Haddon perhaps was not so guilty as the circumstances had proved him to be. But when I remember that Captain Forbes was insisting on his right to see Sir Mortimer, I could understand that my quondam friend Haddon was anxious for his course for him. He enjoyed a fight quite as much as a love feast, perhaps better."

"To resume my narrative," drawled Locke, "you disappear within the chamber. My friend Forbes is having his little interview with you. But presently I see you again at the window, packet in hand. You lean far out; you toss the packet into the basin of an empty fountain. The shutters are closed. Your work is finished for the night. And so is mine—that is, after I have rescued from the empty fountain the packet."

"Which you promptly returned to Captain Forbes, no doubt?"

"Who has a greater right to it?" returned Locke coolly.

But he had not returned it to Forbes. I was sure of that. Locke was a newspaper man trained in the school of modern journalism. He had determined on a grand coup for his paper. If the sealed dispatch promised to be of assistance to him he would break the seal.

That would not suit me at all. My task was to hush up the scandal of Sir Mortimer Brett and his mistress. Locke was determined to give it the fullest publicity. Our ends were utterly at variance. Every sentence of his recital made me see that more clearly.

I saw, too, that the object of his story was to overwhelm me with the certainty that I must make a full confession to him or suffer those consequences. My one hope was to avert those consequences until my interview with Madame de Varnier. I hoped everything from that.

For the present I need feel nothing for Forbes. Helena had given me her word that she would trust me until midnight. But the silence of Helena and Forbes was useless unless Locke also was silent. I awaited the rest of his narrative with anxious concern.

"The next morning I bestir myself early, you may be sure of that. Captain Forbes' rest had been equally perturbed. Together we discovered the startling fact that, early as we had aroused ourselves, our patient with his nurse and physician had been even more energetic. But my discovery is of a nature more dramatic than that of the king's messenger. He imagines that it is Sir Mortimer who has fled. I am forced to the reluctant conclusion that it is Mr. Ernest Haddon, American tourist, masquerading as the diplomatist, Sir Mortimer Brett. Is it necessary that I enter into explanations for this discovery, or shall we take the fact for granted?"

"Take it for granted by all means, since you have already taken so much for granted."

"I shall not bore you much longer, Captain Forbes and myself join forces. I needed but one argument to persuade him to do that. I knew where Madame de Varnier and her fellow conspirators were bound; Captain Forbes did not."

"And Mrs. and Miss Brett—did you reveal your suspicions to them?"

"So far," Locke looked at me significantly, "I have revealed them to no one. We arrive at Altenhofen, then, the four of us. Captain Forbes insists on storming the chateau. With what result you know better than I. As for myself, I prefer to keep my counsel, and, first of all, to give my friend Haddon a friendly hint. I bring one of the servants at the castle to convey a note to him requesting the honor of an interview at ten this morning. My friend Haddon denies me the honor of an interview. Then if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain."

"I am directed to the castle by the stairway that leads to the village street. I have not descended a dozen steps of the gloomy stairway when I hear some one coming up them in furious haste. Naturally, I pause; and quite as naturally I take the precaution of placing my hand on the revolver in my hip pocket, which I carry with me, remembering the fate of my acquaintance, Captain Forbes."

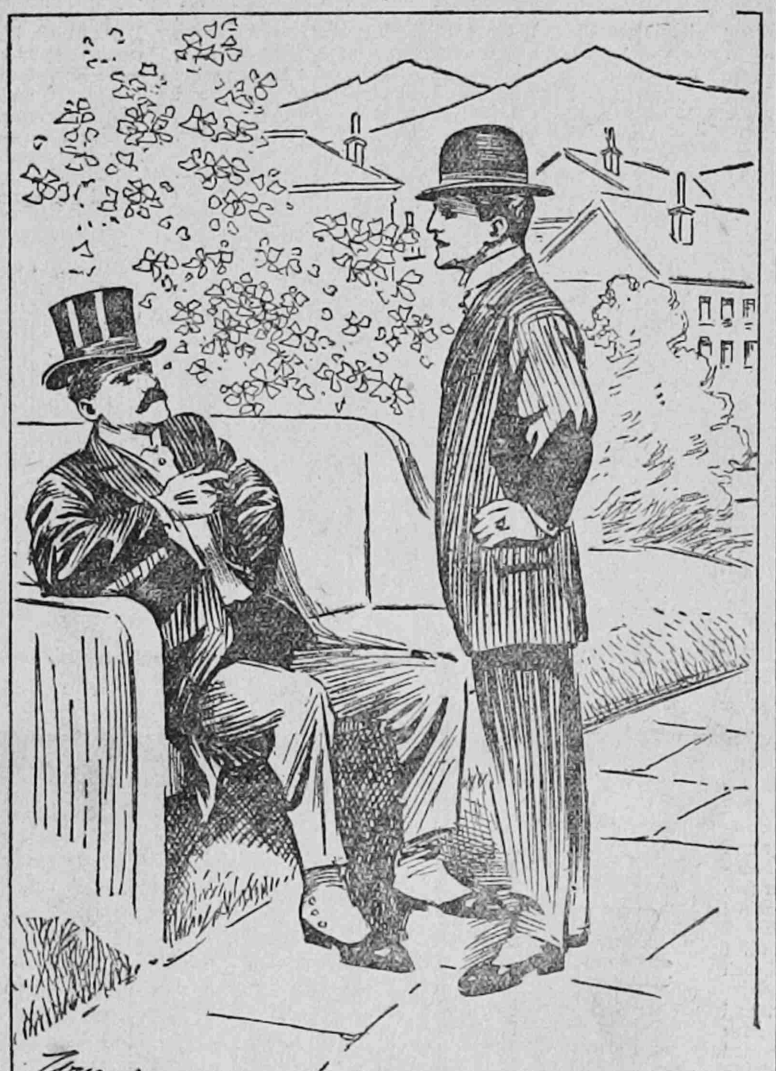
"To my surprise the person in this extraordinary haste conceals himself in the servant's glass-covered room at the angle of the stairs. I descend the steps cautiously and curiously. There are other surprises in store for me. First of all I see a second figure standing flat against the wall. As my eyes become accustomed to the darkness I am startled to discover that the man concealed in the lodge has a revolver in his hand. For the moment I think he is lying in wait for myself. But almost immediately I hear steps from below. There is a click as the trigger is cocked. I am averse to bloodshed—even the killing of a would-be murderer. I fire, not at him, but to shatter the pane of glass and divert his aim."

"Now for my last surprise. The assassin, rather tardily I must say, has been concealed by the man who had concealed himself against the wall and was apparently awaiting developments. But the would-be assassin has succeeded in freeing himself from this very faint-hearted assailant. I pursue the assassin; he eludes capture; I return ruefully to the hotel to find my friend Haddon receiving the warm thanks of the heroine for saving her life."

"A great deal of this is ancient history," I said, my voice trembling with shame and rage, "such of it as is not fiction. You return, then, to unmask the would-be hero. And now, what?"

"And now," said Locke in a deep voice, his face thrust close to mine, "I want to know this. Why were you hiding in that stairway? Why did you stand there passively while the man was committing the act of murder before your eyes? Why did you pretend to struggle with the assassin, pretend to struggle, I say?"

"Even a coward will fight, I suppose, when he is cornered," I retorted bitterly. (Continued on Page Fourteen)



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# UNION LABOR DEPARTMENT

Under the Auspices  
of the  
OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

Address all Communications to  
W. M. PIGGOTT, Editor.  
375 Twenty-fourth Street.

## THE TWO RULES—WHICH ONE WILL YOU OBSERVE?

More than 1900 years ago what is commonly known as the Golden Rule, was enunciated, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." This was intended to be the law of life—the law of our daily practice. This followed closely would have obviated the necessity for the enactment of any other law. But this was not to be; hence the enactment of laws and laws, until the brain is set into a whirl in contemplating the hundreds of thousands of volumes necessary to contain enough law to keep us straight and then they fall in much.

But there seems to have been another "rule" injected into our industrial life within the last few years; or if it existed before it was not so noticeably adhered to as of late. The rule has no specific name, so far as I know, it might, like booze in prohibition states, be called by any old name. For a better name it might be called the "brass rule," and it reads: "Do unto others as they would do unto you, but do them first." Unlike the case of the "golden rule" there have been no laws enacted to enforce its observance. Those who wished to observe it, did, and those who did not care to, were not compelled to. But this "brass rule" has been more conspicuous in the observance than in the violation, especially so by the corporate and trust interests. They have "done" us, and "done" us to a lovely frazzle. We believe in high prices if we can have "all round" high prices, but the high prices are all on one side. If railroads, for example, (2) interests, would, by charging high rates, pay high wages to their employees, the shipper and consumer would be eventually compensated, but they don't. Even now, there is too great a difference between rates and wages, and what would it be if they were permitted to raise their rates still higher? Is it supposed that they would raise wages accordingly? Not unless they were forced to, as they have been in the past. All that the wage-worker has got out of them they have had to "squeeze" out, and they have "done" us first. They have come to us (the people) with smiling faces and smooth tongues, have patted us on the back and called us good fellows, until we have granted them concessions without number, placing them in a position to "do" us, and they haven't been slow either.

Oh, yes, we believe in high prices, but we want them on both sides of the house. The Good Master said: "The poor ye have always with you, but we believe he spoke an inevitable truth. We cannot conceive of a condition wherein all will possess equal wealth, but we can conceive of a condition wherein all may have equal opportunities for accumulating wealth according to their several abilities; and that condition will exist when the people themselves make the laws, expunge the "brass" rule from our civilization and enforce the tenets of the Golden Rule. How long, O people, will this be!

## OUR FRIENDS (Continued.)

We are certainly proud of our "Baby," the Cooks' and Waiters' union. In less than three months they have accomplished as much as some of us have done in as many years. While they have not as yet received their "house cards," they wear the green button, and have induced the following houses to agree to sign for the "card" and are considered friendly until further notice:

Cafe, The Elite, Falstaff, Kennedy's, Stinson's, Grill, White House, Healy, Oxford, Palm, Mayflower, Little Queen, Owl, The People's restaurant, Mexican Chili Parlor, Daisy Lunch, and the following coffee houses: Kennedy's, Down's, National, Portland, and Merden's tamales (on the street).

These are all good places to eat at, at varying prices, and served by union people.

The Barbers' union has not been idle, and has submitted the following list of barber shops displaying the "union shop card": Myron Fuller, Brighton & Friese, Richards & Fiske, Gysin & Sander, Rallow & Cliff, The Lone Star (25th St.), J. H. Martin, Brown Hotel Shop, The Road Hotel Shop, Adam Farber, the Lone Star (24th St.), G. W. Gayman, C. J. Tribe, H. N. Folkman, G. W. Hadley. Don't forget to look for the "card."

The cigarmakers are great hustlers for home and home industries. They inform us that there are three factories, the Columbia Club Cigar Co., Weaver Cigar Co. and A. E. Chase, employing only about one-fourth the number of men that might find employment, if smokers could be persuaded to use the home-made union product, in preference to the cheap John Chinaman brand from abroad.

It is said that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and a society of any kind can only measure its strength by the loyalty and courage of its average member. So then, brothers, when we are tempted to criticize others, let's examine ourselves first and see if we are up to the standard. There are plenty of knucklers on the outside; we want only boosters within.

What is the difference between revolutionist and evolutionist? If you will look closely, you will readily see that by "beheading" revolutionist, you spell evolutionist—that's us. We are evolutionists.

Be a man or a mouse, or a long-tailed rat. In other words, be what you are. There is no one so mean, low and contemptible a cur, as the hypocrite. Don't expect the respect of men, unless you are a man. If you are of the rodent specie of either the

## THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins must do so by his own efforts. But what is meant by winning? It is not that a man must accumulate great wealth, or that he must secure finished education or that he must attain great social heights, or that he must possess great ability in this, that or the other thing; but that he does the best he can according to his ability. I say the "best" he can.

Don't sit down and mourn or complain because you cannot become a great orator, or because you cannot delve into the mysteries of the sciences, or because you cannot become a great leader of men, for it is not given to everyone to do great things; that is, those things that appear outwardly great; "Do with them might what thy hands find to do." Whether it be great or small. Many times, what apparently may seem the most insignificant things are the things absolutely needed to complete the greatest things; and verily the man who does those small things, has a great reward. The man who doubled his "one talent" received the same reward that the man who doubled his "five talents." So, my brother, if you would do your best, no matter if some one else may outstrip you in the race; for his reward is no greater than yours in the

# TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY W. C. T. U.

## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

MISS FRIEDA DRESSER,

MRS. U. WAY.

## I. O. G. T.

In order that all Good Templars might have the opportunity of hearing our worthy chief templar, N. S. Elderskin, deliver a lecture at the Baptist church, Friday evening, January 29, and to show our courtesy to the W. C. T. U., with whom we walk hand in hand, our meeting was adjourned for that night to meet again Friday night, February 5, which will be election of officers. A full house is anticipated. Meetings are held each Friday night at Trades and Labor hall on Twenty-fourth street.

## LESS LIQUOR IN PAST YEAR.

In his annual report as commissioner of the internal revenue bureau, John G. Caper states that the receipt for the fiscal year decreased to the extent of \$17,998,072 as compared with last year. Evidently the "prohibition wave" has been more than a figure of speech—International Good Templar.

The total abstinence movement among students in Europe has reached a stage of considerable importance. According to latest reports, more than fourteen organizations, each with many local branches, representing eleven different countries, and a membership of more than twelve thousand. Ten of the organizations publish journals, and the others circulate literature. In the United States practical study of the alcoholic question was taken up last year by students in one hundred colleges and universities. The temperance work of the national association alone reached last year forty-six thousand college men and women—International Good Templar.

## WATER.

Here is the liquor that God brews for all His children, pure cold water. It comes from the green glade and the grassy dell, from the whispering spring, the murmuring brook and mighty river with the cool fragrance of mountain and forest, on its way to the valley and the sea. It is found gleaming in the dewdrop and in the many-colored rainbow, sparkling in the cataract, sparkling in the ice gem, dancing in the hall storm, and sleeping in the glacier. Drink—you will find in it no remorse.—The Metropolitan.

## ALCOHOL NO FOOD.

No natural food contains alcohol; it is only to be found in such substances as have undergone a fermentative process, fermentation being akin to decomposition. Alcohol is not essential to life; all young life can grow and develop without its help; adult life can perfectly well do without it and be capable of performing all its intricate functions to the full.—Dr. McAdam Eccles.

## A RHYMETER.

There was once a foolish young fellow Who fangers from smoking were yellow.

He said, "It's no use, I'm a powerless groove. For my muscles and brains are like jello!"

"J." L.

"TOTS" AND TEMPERANCE—A BIT OF NAVAL HISTORY.

A regular whisky ration supplied by the United States government! Supplied to whom? To the sailors on our men-o'-war! Nowadays? No, praise God and progress!

It was in our navy's earlier days that such a ration was given, for it was then thought that no man could fight well without an occasional portion of "whisky-courage." Mornings at eleven and afterwards at five the men would line up on deck to receive the ration. A large tin can held the liquor. Beside it was a frame on which hung twenty small measures, or "tots." As the sailors walked past,

end. No greater truth has been uttered—no more pertinent sentiment expressed, than is found in the following lines:

The man who wins is the man who does,  
The man who makes things hum and buzz,  
The man who works and the man who acts,  
Who